

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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The Passing Show.

"Is responsible government a myth?"
Sydney "Daily Telegraph." No. "Government is responsible to its masters the plutocrats."

The Socialist party is organised in 37 countries, and there have been free speech fights in all of them.

President Huerta, of Mexico, is mad with President Wilson, of America, because the latter will not recognise him as President. Mexican Presidents whiz past too quickly to be recognised.

John Brown, coal baron, recently scratched his racehorse, Duke Foote, and thousands of painters hooted. When he scratches his miners very few notice it.

The coming elections in N.S. Wales promise to be a contest between Wade and Holman to decide who shall be the guardian of vested interests.

Judge Heydon is inquiring into the high cost of living, but so far no one has told him that the cause is owing to the fact that the products of labor are in the hands of parasites who exact an increasing tribute from the workers.

Another monarchist rising has been crushed in Portugal. In a republic, as in a monarchy, the majority is that particular minority which is able to have its own representatives elected and its own interests cared for.

"Hallelujah! I'm a bum!" should never be sung by any sane proletarian. It is bad enough to be a bum without glorying in the fact or being proud of it.

Industrial unrest is the kick of the disatisfied workers under a rotten social system. The trouble is that they don't kick the common enemy together instead of kicking each other.

Under capitalism protection by law generally means robbing by lawyers and aggression by policemen. Socialism aims to stop both robbery and aggression.

The Labor Government of N.S. Wales recently appointed a Select Committee to investigate the alarming increase in house rents. We had a look at that committee and found that nearly every man on it was a property owner and a blood-sucker.

"Monopolists belong to the wealthy lower orders."—Higginbotham. We thought so after hearing their representatives in Parliament and reading what their hirelings write in the press.

Sir George Reid draws a terrible picture of the condition of the masses in Britain. They are ignorant, conservative, and contented under conditions which make an observer wonder how they manage to exist. The way they vote the Conservative and Liberal tickets at elections surprised him, and convinced him that they were "as solid as a rock." Sir George should have fixed that monocle of his on the industrial field, where he would have seen sure signs of an awakening.

Prof. Macmillan Brown, of New Zealand, has propounded a new theory. He warns the workers that easy conditions of life make for sterility. The professor regards this as being fatal to the success of Socialism, which aims to make conditions easier for the masses of mankind. If the professor is right, Malthus was wrong, and capitalism must come to an end through the death of the capitalist parasites from too easy living. In their own interests the idlers should be made to work if Prof. Brown is right.

This is the sort of thing we are up against. "Kindly hold 'International' for awhile until you hear from me again. Got the push from last job. Boss was a J.P. Spotted the 'International' and—exit me! However, I'm working again, but as the boss rings the mails himself, I think it best to let the 'International' stand over for a little while." This is how many bush-workers are situated. The boss who owns the job

Conscription in Operation.



On Oct. 23, 75 Cadets were herded with many city infants into the Central Police Court, Sydney. Several cases were held over, but 26 boys were committed to terms of military custody varying from three to twenty days. A Daily Newspaper item.

has no idea that others have any right. They should only read what he reads, and think as he thinks. Yet there are people who argue that there is no such thing as wage-slavery.

The greatest burden on the land is the landlord. Adam Smith. Neither Laborites nor Liberals believe that. Both vote consistently for landlords.

It is understood that Ald. Cocks, Lord Mayor of Sydney, is quite willing to give another term. "S.M. Herald." Not a gas stoker, surely.

The Sea Dyaks of Borneo are a strictly truthful people. They erect a monument to the man who tells a lie. In most Christian countries this would never do. It would result in "crowding out" the living. We can only erect monuments to the most distinguished liars.

"Wanted more humor in the Church." was a thick type heading in a recent "Christian Globe." The editor should note the speeches and dress of men like Archbishop Wright.

Colonel Hughes, Canadian Minister for Defence, states that his Government intend to introduce legislation authorising the purchase of three battleships that are being built in England at a cost of £7,000,000. The armament trust has now practically beaten its opponents in Canada, which will join in the mad gallop of militarism.

"Puff," writing from South Africa to the "Clarion," London, says: "Foremost, there is the right of free speech and public assembly. Practically, the denial of this or these was the cause of the Rand rising. There had been scab-chasing and chivvying at Benoni, but until the police and soldiers tried to stop the speeches on the Market Square in Johannesburg, the trouble was merely of the sort that usually attends the pulling-out of the workers, that is to say, processions, red flags, red rosettes, 'England Arise' and fiery speeches. General Botha himself bore testimony to the good behaviour of the strikers. Reuter stated that until the new recruits among the police began to use their batons, or pick-handles, recklessly, the crowd at the Market Square was orderly."

Judge Humphries, of Seattle, Wash., U.S.A., has decreed that Socialists are not to be allowed to speak in the city of Seattle, and no Socialist books or newspapers are to be sold in the city. In all countries similar injunctions are being issued to prevent the coming of the social revolution, but they are no more effective than Dame Partington's broom was against the incoming tide.

Magistrate Smithers, of Sydney, has ruled that if you call a policeman "Only a mongrel" you are not insulting him and that

a policeman, who arrested a man under these circumstances, only shows incompetence. Sydney police are greatly worried over the attitude taken by Mr. Smithers. They didn't previously know or dream that it was no insult to call a policeman a "mongrel," but they have to recognise that Mr. Smithers has had good opportunities of knowing them.

Just before reaching Fremantle, the immigrants on board the Otranto requested Sir George Reid to address them. The High Commissioner dwelt on the advantages which Australia offered for settlement, but said, "Australia has no room for dreamers, loafers, or grumblers." Then how comes it to pass that certain people, who do nothing but loaf and grumble at the workers, have such a good time and become so rich in Australia?

At a missionary conference held the other day in Sydney, the Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Wright, delivered an address on "The Lordship of Jesus," in which he said that what was required was more earnest prayer, more distinct and hopeful prayer. After over 1900 years of prayer the world seems to be coming to the conclusion that it has had more than enough. But professional prayers like the Archbishop, who gets thousands a year for praying, cannot be expected to give it up as a bad job so long as they can get multitudes to pay to listen to it.

The "International Socialist" depends entirely upon those who have the will and desire to serve the movement. With their aid, its power for future good is beyond computation; without it, its publication must soon cease and its mission fail. That being so, all who desire to aid the movement should help the "International" in any way they can. Everyone who sends in subs., or donations to the maintenance fund helps the paper's circulation while it does battle against the enemies of the workers. The most unassuming and modest comrade can help to overthrow capitalism and hasten the day when the exploitation of the worker by parasitic profit-mongers shall be no more.

We realise well enough that our position is entirely worse to-day than when the Australia entered this ocean; because since that time the Japanese navy has received a still more formidable ship, the Kongo, and it will receive three similar ships during the next three years. "Sydney Morning Herald" (20.10.13). Our remarks on this subject (page 1, 11.10.13), must have soaked even into the editorial mind of our reverend and militarist contemporary.

Robert Lowe once saw a deaf member of Parliament trying his best with his ear trumpet to catch the words of an extremely "dull" speech. "Just look at that foolish man," said Lowe, "throwing away his natural advantages."

Sydney "Worker" is so delighted with conscription that it is commencing to advise Britain to adopt it. In its issue of October 23, it speaks of Lord Roberts's "able efforts to rouse Britain to a realisation that if she wants to be safe she will have to adopt some scheme of universal service." Safe from what—landlordism, capitalism, profit-mongering, bludgeoning policemen, and military strike-breaking scabs?

Dr. Wright, Anglican Archbishop of Sydney, delivered a great speech in celebration of the battle of Trafalgar. He drew such a vivid picture of the gory affair that our religious editor retreated in haste from the scene of carnage which the Archbishop's description conjured up in his imagination.

The financial editor of the "Sydney Morning Herald" in a recent burst of candour declared that the present industrial unrest was a struggle between Capital and Labor for the products of labor.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that until the land question is settled, that is, until landlordism is wiped out, "our civilization is naught, our religion is naught, and our politics are less than naught, are utterly despicable and beneath contempt." This is the sort of stuff that John Hop Cahill, of Brisbane, doesn't like to be heard.

A man had to be evicted from prison in Guernsey recently. He would sooner be in jail than face unemployment and starvation under capitalist freedom.

The Employers' Federation are going to fight Socialism to the "bitter end." Many a truth is carelessly uttered. The end will indeed be bitter to those who cannot bear to see the masses gaining their freedom.

The Federal Labor party is up in arms over the statement of the Minister for Defence that Admiral Patey is to have absolute control of the navy, to do with it as he pleases. Surely they didn't expect anything else. Admirals and commanders-in-chief are tin gods in militarist countries.

According to press cables of October 24, Mrs. Dora B. Montifiore, who edited this paper for some months when she was in Sydney, has made an attempt to remove the children of Dublin strikers to the care of sympathisers in England. The matter caused a great uproar, but just as the children were ready to leave Dublin, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin protested to the parents, who repudiated the idea of having given consent to Mrs. Montifiore's action.

The Archbishop frustrated Mrs. Montifiore's attempt, and the children were sent back to their homes to starve and be a burden and a hindrance to their striking parents.

Fourteen years ago the great mass of patriotic workers in Great Britain stimulated by the patriotic Hoggensheimers of Park Lane and Jewanessburg, were loudly howling for war against the Boers, because of their oppression of the diamond workers in the Transvaal. Britain poured lavishly of her blood and treasure to drive out the Boer oppressors. To-day the Hoggensheimers and the Boer generals stand hand in hand, directing British soldiers to shoot down the British workers, for the defence of whose rights the war was professedly undertaken.

Is the lesson plain enough this time? Do the workers need stronger evidence than this to convince them that war really means and who their enemies really are?

The Dutch miners in Johannesburg have loyally combined with their British fellows in the present strike. These at least have learned the lesson. They at least will never fight each other again. They know now.

Max Nordau, one of the world's greatest living scientific litterateurs, says: "In order to understand Socialism, we must always keep before us that it had its origin in mankind's yearning for happiness. The nations seek a new ideal. . . . Socialism offers the masses the new ideal which they need, and nothing can prevent them turning to it passionately. It has already in 30 years wrought greater ameliorations than all the wisdom of statesmen and philosophers of thousands of years."

"The German Emperor was accorded a great popular reception in Vienna. —Sydney "Daily Telegraph." Well, what about it?

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors writing for publication should write in ink, on one side of the paper only, and with a fair space at the sides and between the words and lines. Leave plenty of room for editing.

Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published, do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

The system under which we live checks the growth of the social sentiment. We all know that without uprightness, without self-respect, without sympathy and mutual aid, human kind must perish, as perish the few races of animals living by rapine, or the slave-keeping ants. But such ideas are not to the taste of the ruling classes, and they have elaborated a whole system of pseudo-science to teach the contrary.—Kropotkin

Harry Quelch Dead.

The latest files of "Justice" to hand bring news of the death of that paper's late editor, Harry Quelch.

In Quelch's death the Socialist party loses a sturdy champion, and Socialist journalism loses a man of remarkable talent and energy.

Born in 1858, he was the son of a village blacksmith in Berkshire, his mother being the daughter of an agricultural laborer. His father was an invalid for over 20 years, which caused Harry to have to turn out to work at 10 years of age. He worked from early morning till late at night in an upholsterer's shop. From that employment he went to work for a milk vendor and cattle dealer in order to earn a little more for the home. He spent the early mornings in milking, and was often late at night cattle-droving, frequently doing from 20 to 30 miles walking a day with droves of cattle or pigs.

At the age of 14 he left Hungerford and went to London, where he worked as a factory hand in several industries. There he joined a Radical Club, and took an active part in every political contest that happened in that quarter.

In 1883 H. M. Hyndman delivered an address at the Westminster Palace Hotel, and among those who took part in the discussion was H. Quelch. These addresses seem to have decided Quelch, and he soon joined the Socialist party and became an active worker in the ranks.

He did a good deal of speaking, but for some time was neither attractive nor convincing either in matter or style. He worked hard, however, and overcame his natural disabilities, in the end becoming a fluent speaker, a keen debater, and one who was equipped with a wonderful humor that never failed to enliven his addresses.

In 1884 "Justice" was published, and Quelch became a contributor. In 1886 he became editor on the retirement of H. M. Hyndman, and from that time has been identified with the paper.

During his youth and early manhood Quelch was active at all meetings held by Radicals and Socialists, and no man of his class in any country ever set to work more vigorously to qualify himself to be an agitator and writer on Socialist subjects. Starting as an unskilled worker he made himself a master of sound, powerful English, and also acquired a good knowledge of French and German.

He was a sound logician, and his knowledge of economics was as remarkable as his powers of debate, either written or oral, while his keen sense of humor and his sterling common sense enabled him to easily crush the platitudes of superior triflers with Socialist subjects.

The Dublin Crime.

Furious Police Bludgeon Innocent Men, Women, and Children.

The capitalist press condemn the police.

The terrible tragedy of Dublin makes all other British news pale into insignificance. Even the papers which are biased against the workers have to admit that the action of the authorities was brutal and uncalled for. The scenes on Black Sunday were thus described by the "Manchester Guardian":

Dublin is given over to-day not to a labour mob, as the authorities feared it would be, but to a ruthless force of police officers, to whom has been given the power to bludgeon any innocent wayfarer who may be luckless enough to find himself in the principal streets of the city at an inauspicious moment. One man died this morning from a truncheon wound, and another is reported to be dying. The hospitals are full of men and women suffering from injuries more or less serious, and orderly, inoffensive people who had occasion last night to visit the district lying to the east of Sackville-street ventured into it at considerable personal peril. This region was the scene of police charges and rioting for several hours, and it is estimated that 200 persons were treated at the hospitals during the period of turmoil.

THE ARREST OF LARKIN.

Describing the scene outside the Imperial Hotel following the arrest of Mr. Larkin, the "Guardian" correspondent says:

"It's all up, Jimmy," and similar colloquial phrases were the captors' genial greetings, and Larkin, gripped by two stalwart officers, presently appeared at the door of the hotel. There was then a slight forward movement of the front rows of the crowd of spectators, and instantly, without the slightest warning, the police turned and delivered a fierce attack on the people. Many at the outer edge escaped by running wildly, but scores were left in a maze of constables, who used their truncheons without mercy or discrimination. Some were callous to the point of brutality, and I saw several men pick themselves up with blood streaming from their heads only to be viciously beaten down again. In the climax of the onset the police were so thickly congregated just outside the Post Office, and were striking so wildly, that one or two narrowly escaped blows from their colleagues. They aimed in nearly all cases at the head, and women were not spared if they came within range. The swiftness with which the whole sickening spectacle was over in a sense testifies to the complete absence of justification for such a drastic and barbarous method of clearing the street under the conditions which existed. Just at the moment when the police entered the hotel to arrest Larkin a window of the shop below was pierced by a single stone thrown from the crowd, but there was no further disorder, and so far from the people provoking or resisting the police they were ready to fly for their lives at the first sign of an organised movement on the part of the constables. The great majority were peaceable citizens who had lingered because they were curious to see what would happen to Larkin, and who would have moved on at a word from the police. Fortunately there were fewer cases of serious injury than in the trouble last night, but more than twenty of the victims were removed to hospital, and others would certainly need surgical treatment at home. An American visitor standing near me vigorously expressed his horror, and declared that such action by American police was unthinkable.

CHILDREN STRUCK DOWN.

A conflict between the police and the crowds in Beresford-place is thus described by the "Guardian":

Whatever may be the truth about the origin of the broil, it is agreed on all hands that when the charge of the police did come it was unexpected, swift, and merciless. All who came in the way of the constables were battered, and young girls and children were struck as well as adults. There was no guarantee of escape: if one broke through the crowd and ran along the adjoining streets, for squads of constables were rapidly advanced.

As editor of "Justice" for over 20 years, he became an international figure, and his literary capacity was such that the paper was quoted in all parts of the world. He was a regular attendant at all international congresses of the Socialist party for years past, and was almost as well known in France and Germany as in England, where he was always to be relied upon to go straight for the revolutionary ideal and work to which he had devoted his life.

Genuine and general regret will be felt at the comparatively early ending to Quelch's remarkable career, but it is safe to say that he will never be forgotten, for no history of England and its working class struggles can be written unless it gives a prominent place to the career and character of sterling Harry Quelch.

ing on the square from Sackville-street and other places, and they bludgeoned the running people whom they met.

Later on the same correspondent says:

An adventure of which I was told at the hotel breakfast table this morning is typical of many other experiences. A man who is staying in the hotel found himself suddenly in the midst of an onrushing crowd near Sackville-street, and before he could move he saw a truncheon raised above his head. With a swift, instinctive dive he thrust himself under the constable's arm just in time to hear the weapon descend with a sickening crack on the head of the next man, who was being pushed forward.

TERROR-STRICKEN GIRLS BATONED.

Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, a well-known Irish writer, describes the scenes of Saturday evening as follows:

The police, who throughout the week have behaved in a violent and panic-stricken manner, delivered themselves during the evening to a series of truncheon charges on the slightest or no pretext. The charges were of the most ferocious description, the police in some cases coming back to belabour men lying on the ground whom they had previously knocked down. Some young girls were brutally struck for jeering at the police as they passed. The police, being refused admission to Liberty Hall, the headquarters of the Transport Union, smashed the glass round the door, and an inspector called through the door, "When we get in we will beat the life out of you." About a hundred women belonging to the Irish Women Workers' Union were inside the building and were terror-stricken at the police attitude. Those inside the building telephoned to the Castle for the protection of the military for the girls against the police. Ultimately the police were satisfied that Mr. Larkin was not inside the building, and withdrew.

AN EMPLOYERS' PLOT

That the employers have been engaged in a plot to smash the workers' organisation is recognised.

The opinion is expressed by well-informed observers of events here that the drastic policy of repression by force has been entered into deliberately in order to intimidate the transport workers, and it is hard to imagine any other explanation of the methods in Sackville-street this afternoon. The Dublin Castle authorities, of course, disavow any desire to interfere with a labour dispute, and justify the proclamation of to-day's meeting and the elaborate police and military preparations to prevent it on the ground that the gathering was calculated to lead to a breach of the peace. On the other hand, the men's leaders say that no trouble would have arisen if repressive measures had not been adopted as soon as the strike began—for example, the arrest of the men who left their cars in the streets. The position is complicated by the fiery speeches of Mr. Larkin and his references to Sir Edward Carson, but the more moderate leaders of the men deny that disorder would have resulted from those speeches if the police had been kept in the background, and they argue further that in any event it would have been wise for the authorities to hold in check until there was a real and specific reason for its use.

CAMP CANTEENS.

As the regulations controlling military camp stand, no canteens are permitted in the training camps. This does not please the officers, who are circulating the view that the "dry" camp leads to trainees breaking bounds to get liquor in local hotels. On the other hand, it is contended that boys going straight from home will not be led astray outside the camp: that they will have no thought of liquor unless it is forced upon them by association. The experience of America in this connection is instructive. The "News Republic," Westerville, Ohio, says: "At the encampment held here under our war department auspices, a beer canteen was openly conducted, and a general drunken carousal was the result. Ten barrels of beer were shipped in every day. The beer costs 14 cents a bottle, and was sold by the officers in charge to the soldiers at 25 cents." The newspaper also gives the names of the officers who ran the canteens, and they made an imposing list, in which captains and majors figured prominently.

At Australian camps various luxuries and extra foodstuffs are sold to trainees at an exorbitant profit, and when we hear that it is the officers who are moving in the direction of having intoxicants introduced into the camps, there is ground for suspecting that they have their eye on the profit to be made out of the sales. We hold no brief for the prohibitionists, but would be glad if our readers pass this on to some of the persons who back conscription, with a polite request that they preach on the subject, and reassure the trainees' parents that the canteen part of the training will tend to their "physical and moral elevation," etc.

When you have read this paper hand it to a friend.

The Workers' Educational Association.

Mr. H. L. Denford writes in your October 4th issue:—"It is well-known and an indisputable fact that the vast majority of the workers are barren of all knowledge when it comes to discussing economics, sociology, biology, and all that goes to make up the philosophy of life."

Exactly. The purpose of the W.E.A. is to remedy the sad fact.

I have been an occasional reader of "The International Socialist" for some time, and though the objective—abolition of the wage system—is excellent, the means advocated are questionable. The policy of strike is the top and bottom of every comment on industrial unrest. You recommend the people who are barren of all knowledge that goes to make up the philosophy of life to do tools and disorganise everything when something has gone wrong. Just think of it!

Turn to page 2 of same issue, "Victory Wage-slaves." The article concludes with: "To sum up, the tortures of war have gone against the slaves who revolted, not because they lacked fight, but because they lacked sound knowledge of their economic interests."

Just so. "Slave" is a new word to taunt the workers with. The purpose of the W.E.A. is to give the workers a sound knowledge of their economic interests, which they so sadly lack. Mr. Jones has, in an earlier issue, referred to the late "Victoria the Good"; it is some satisfaction to know that she did change her socks.

Royalty will continue to exist, and in the intelligence of the people just as long as the vast majority of the workers are barren of all knowledge that goes to make up the philosophy of life.

The study of economics will not be complete without an analysis of the constitutional customs. This will expose the Civil List as a huge, wanton waste of public money. Here again is work for the W.E.A.

In "New Unionism" (October 4th, your paper teems with arguments for such an organisation as the W.E.A.) the third last paragraph tells a story of callous, deliberate waste. "All to keep up or raise prices." This was in America, where no hereditary persons change their socks, but such things are not unknown in Australia.

The law of supply and demand will receive intelligent treatment by the teachers of the W.E.A. Every issue I see has something to say condemnatory to our defence system. Defence is, perhaps, the biggest of all the economic problems, involving, as it does, not only thousands of millions sterling annually (I mean, of course, the aggregate international expenditure), but an enormous amount of human energy, which, if only a little more of "the brotherhood of man" existed, would be saved and the people bettered in every way. I think, and believe, that when the international disarmament celebrations are being held, the W.E.A. will be there. For just as surely as the march of education is the chief cause of the increasing industrial unrest, so will the march of education do more than all other force combined, and show that international arbitration is practicable and desirable.

And finally, let me say that the N.S.W. Labor Government, whom you revile so bitterly, has done more for education than has ever before been done by any Government, at any time, or in any country.

JAS. G. BURGESS.

Hon. Secretary No. 1 Tutorial Class.

In a sense it is quite true that "the top and bottom of all our comments on industrial unrest is strike. Strike against all evil with knowledge and education. So far as the conflicts known as strikes and lock-outs are concerned, we always support the workers' side, because in the class struggle the workers are always right. That statement perhaps may need thinking over, but it is a fact. The real "top and bottom" of our policy is education, and in that domain we are doing more than any other body. No other party has circulated so much economic knowledge throughout the Commonwealth as the Socialist party. We have held more meetings and circulated more literature to spread economic knowledge than any other party, and we have fought militarism against all other parties, excepting the Freedom League. "Wage slavery" is not a "taunt" thrown at the workers. When men are sacked because they hold certain opinions, and when they cannot work until another man buys their labor power, "wage slavery" is the only term that properly describes their position. No worker who understands the position objects to it. We are quite ready to admit that the N.S. Wales Labor Government has done more in a way than any previous Government, not even excepting the Wade Government, for the education and enlightenment of the workers. Their Industrial Disputes Act was an eye-opener. So was McGowan's celebrated proclamation inviting scabs to roll up and defeat the gas workers when they were fighting for an increase, which the Lord Mayor, after four hours at the furnaces, said they were fully entitled to. The Lithgow workers, slaughtered

The Sainly John.

I am The
TRUTH!

The
WHOLE
TRUTH!!

And
Nothing
but the
TRUTH!!!

I am
HONESTY
Personified!

I am
the Guardian
of
WOWSERISM
and
Police Court
MORALITY!

With acknowledgements to The Repeat.



Brisbane Free Speech Fight.

The fight for Free Speech in Brisbane still goes on, and the police authorities are becoming bolder as time goes on and they see that their most brutal and illegal acts are not repudiated by the Government. All branches of the A.S.P. should pass resolutions of protest and forward same to the press, and the Federal and State Labor Parties. Comrades who are out of work should hit out for Brisbane and take up the fight. Twelve members of the fighting force of Brisbane have been, or are to be jailed, and this week a further batch is to follow. Comrades, this is a record fight—get busy and get into it.

BRISBANE.
RUSSIAN ASSOCIATION.

(To the Editor of "International Socialist")

At a meeting of Russian residents held in this city, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—That we emphatically protest against unlawful and autocratic action of the Brisbane authorities who have jailed for one month John Gray and others, for their attempt to exercise the right of free expression: a right which is established throughout the British Empire. We are sorry to state the magistrate and police have twisted the constitution to suit their own ends. The cruel treatment meted to Grey, which was proved in court, and the refusal of the magistrate to take any steps to prevent further violence on the part of the police against those who could not defend themselves, brings the authorities down to the level of irresponsible, constitution disregarding Cossacks, or even down to the level of Bashi Bazouks, of Russian Czarism, which some Czarism has officially stated that there is no constitution in Russia.

Chairman, V. Pinkunoff; T. Utkin, Sec.

OUR CONSCRIPT BOYS.

The vestibule of Sydney Central Police Court was alive with boyish chatter on the morning of October 23, when 73 cadets were summoned for breaches of the Defence Act in failing to attend compulsory parades. The usual attendance of unfortunate men and women, and those from the underworld of the slums and lanes of the city, were also there, and it was anything but an edifying sight to see these fresh youths herded in such surroundings and in such company, but such is the effect of the Conscription Act. Some of the cases were withdrawn or postponed, but 26 boys were ordered into military custody for terms varying from three to twenty days. The prisoners were afterwards lined up in the vestibule with a guard of soldiers in uniform. An officer gave an order, and they marched out to the police yard at the back of the court, where three ambulance waggons were waiting. They scrambled into the waggons, and as they were driven off, cheered themselves lustily.

men, gasmen, railwaymen, ferrymen, and others are all very much wiser than they were before they were enlightened and garrisoned by the Labor Government. At the present moment the Congress of the Federation of Labor is kicking the Government for refusing to give effect to the interim report of the Royal Commissioner, Mr. Piddington, on the workings of the Industrial Disputes Act. They certainly are wiser than they were, or they wouldn't kick.

Those who are forming the W.E.A. are, no doubt, quite honest in their intentions, but when they get the machine going it may not work as they want it to do. We Socialists have our machinery running smoothly and satisfactorily all over the world, and judging by the way it is exciting the enemy there is no reason to abandon it for another.—Ed.)

Bill's Mate.

BILL'S MATE STRIKES A NEW IDEA
IN STRIKES.

The Workers and Defence.

See here, Biljones? Let's have a sorter overhaul of this 'ere boy swaddie business that's come atop of us in this 'ere country.

Blow me, Bill Jones, but I hear some of our chaps a-saying as how we've bin 'let in' over the affair, and if so, Bill, I guess it's up to you and me to strike the chaps as did the double on us off our visiting lists.

At any rate, Billium, we can't go wrong if we stand this 'ere thing out in front of us like, and take a look at it fair and square all round. See what it's made of Bill and where it's direction's tags marked for. For a thing may be started off Bill, fair and square, yet it may be dangerous all the same, for directions and addresses don't always mean as how the goods are sartin a-getting where they're supposed to be a-going. Bill.

First of all, Will-i-um, these 'ere chaps as is bossing this 'ere military concoction says as how Orstraler have got the sack from the Old Country, and is to be a real nashun and look after itself: which Bill, somehow or tother, don't seem outer the way like to me.

And then they say, Bill, as being a good rich country and foreign nashuns alays on the look out for grabbin' more'n they got already. It's up to Orstraler to be able to euvre any such, which, as far as facks go, Bill, seems to me to be about 'creeket, 'cos it's being done every day now. And I don't hold, Bill, with us chaps a parting up with enough silver to pay other blokes—dead beats, loafers and such like mostly—to do nothing else but hang round in fancy clobber waitin' to do the fighting for the crowd of us if any scrapping's goter be done. So I'm agin a real army like as t'old countries has, Bill, 'cos that don't suit me and the likes of us, Bill.

And it seems as how these 'ere bosses was cute enough to see the same thing, Bill, for which I gives 'em credit sure. And so they fixed it up to make all of these 'ere kids learn to do the punching as they growed up, tho' gawd only knows, Bill, how they come to know as how nobody'd come along looking for scrap afore the kids had growed up.

Anyhow, Bill, they've got these 'ere kids agoing now, and that's where you and me gets curious like, as we should do, Bill, if we ain't no better nor asses, and we begins to wonder where the goods are going to and what is going to be done wif 'em.

There's some blokes, Biljones, as will look at a great question like this 'ere one, through the view you gets alooking through the bend in the handle of the town pump. But that ain't no way o' gettin' wise Bill, 'cos you can't see enough like that.

And it comed to me, Bill, like this 'ere. The other night as I was awalking parst the place, I see a lot of boys being drilled, and I says to meself says I, "Now, them there boys looks real smart." And I thought as how that sorter business was adoin' 'em more good than aleaning against a post atalking about horses and bets and things like that. Which, Bill, was sorter looking through the pump 'andle as I explained to yer just now. And soon it was shown to meself, 'cos next night, after I'd finished toil and was areading the morning paper, there I seed as big as anything, "Great Coal Strike." "One and Half Millions Stop Work." "Military Called Out."

I tell yer, Biljones, I didn't read no more for some time. 'Cos I was too busy atthinkin' out the 'ole thing. For I saw, Bill, that these 'ere boys of ours would, in a couple of years, be growed up into men enough to be just what the real army was in that there strike country. And, Bill, think of it? They would be liable to have to do the same work!

D'yer get that, Bill? 'Sposen you and me and all the others in our union struck work: these young soldiers, with real guns and truly bullets—all being under the control of the bosses, as how we had struck against—would be made to go and take sides agin us. Prevent our outdoor meetings. Stop our processions and appeals to our fellow workers, and, if the bosses said the word,

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

We are told that the law which operates among the animals, the survival of the fittest, must operate among men. We are also told that men possess intelligence far above that of the brutes, and that both animals, and men struggle for food. There is however a notable difference. The animal secures food, and knows when he has enough, but man never knows when he has enough. Man will keep on blindly accumulating without ever realising that there is such a thing as enough.

The only working class paper is a Socialist paper. The "International Socialist" is admittedly one of the best. Why not subscribe for it? Why not push it?

mind you, they would be ordered to shoot at us.

D'yer git that, Bill? It ain't no use o' yer rubbin' yer chin, there, Biljones: and it's no use o' yer 'umming and a-ah-ing. Yer 'ave got ter git that there solid fact.

Ain't it plain enough, Bill? Is the fact a bit too sudden for yer to take kindly to. Or do yer want to have to dodge a few bullets afore you'll come in outer the wet?

Oh! You see it, do yer? Of course yer do. It's as easy as striking a match unless yer make up yer mind not to see it.

And so, Bill, the address on the direction tag don't seem ter be the same as wot we thought it was, and the goods have got to the wrong address for us: and that's wot's the matter. They ain't no good to us, Bill, and we've gotter send 'em back. That's the trouble, tho' as yer say, it might be all O.K. if the right blokes got the say in the matter. But if it's the wrong blokes Bill—why—when we come to argy with them they'll call out our own goods to down us. That's how the cocoanut gets around the outside of the milk, Biljones. And there you are!

I ain't such a fool, Bill, as to say as how them chaps ain't right when they say the Japs or any other foreigner may not get into holt with this 'ere country: 'cos cute as ever you be, Bill, you can't profess about war while war is the fashion. And tho' you and me, Bill, don't have any wish to interfere with any other worker in any other foreign land, yet it ain't us workers, Bill, as lets go the dogs of war, as the saying is: 'Not by no manner o' means, Bill. It's our bosses, Bill, not us, and we can't stop it, Bill, yet! Not as how I knows on. So here we are, Bill, just like the chap as slipped off the curb on to the tar pot right up agin it.

And seeing as how the things are wot they is, Bill, the question is: Wot's to be dun in the meantime? You nor me, Bill, don't want no armies like as how we said afore, but there ain't no sense, Bill, in shuttin' of our eyes to the solid fact us workers can't be sure that the bosses of the workers in Japan or Germany, or any other place, won't make a row in our direction while they're able to in spite of wot we says, and then where are yer, Bill? Are we to act the giddy goat and let ourselves be bashed about by any one as likes to do it, Bill? Yer got to bite tight on that fact, as well as others, Bill. Are we to be punched on our front door-step, Bill? That's wot I ask! It don't seem reasonable, Bill, do it!

Nor it don't seem reasonable, Bill, as how we should make it possible for a lot of our own workers to be ordered out to shoot us down either. One's as rotten as t'other, Bill, and no good to us. Tho' when yer comes to think of it, the t'other is the wust, 'cos not only is they sworn in to shoot us as they mostly know, and might ha a down on, but they has to go foreign, Bill, and kill a lot of poor blokes they never even knowed of before! And yer can't have a down on a bloke you never knowed on, Bill, as far as I can see!

And so, Biljones, when I ask yer about a real old-fashioned army, you say, "No good." And I says no good too. And so does the bosses of this country, Bill, 'cos they know as how they wouldn't get enough blokes to get a full ridgement if they waited for them to join on their own, Bill.

And when I asks yer, "What about a Conscription Army," Bill, yer agin yells out "No good," and so does I.

And when I asks yer, "Wot about no nothing at all," Bill, but let 'em all come, you also shouts "No good!" and I sees the force of yer argument, Bill, and says so too.

And so I bin atthinkin' of it all round like, and it seems as how the blokes we got aguiding this 'ere ship o' State, as the saying goes, and which we workers shoved in, mind yer, they must sorter got drenched with the same microbes as was in the chairs when they turned out the old crowd and took their places. And the atmosphere, so to speak, got in to their system so as they couldn't do anything else but just wot the old crowd would adone, Bill, only they'd 'it it in a different way and got there just the same. And it seemed to me, Bill, as how they missed the 'bus just at a most important corner. For, d'yer mind me, Bill, afore they got inter the boss job they was all for organising and making strong unions. Wot was wanted, says they, is a fine solid industrial army.

Army Bill? D'yer notice? Yet when they get boss, Bill, and has to see about defendin' this 'ere county, why, they forgets all about the industrial army as is organised already! Yer see, when it comes to giving blokes guns and teachin' 'em how to use 'em, the industrial army ain't no good! 'Cos why, Bill? Eh! In course it is! For it ain't likely we'd all go out and shoot ourselves, is it?

And they say as how everyone has got to go to school and learn so as to be useful in the way o' work, Bill, and ain't that trainin' a army, Bill? Of course it is. And they train that there army, Bill, and then lets it do as it jolly well likes? They don't care if it's got any work to do or not, Bill, and won't feed nary one if one wants it.

But the other army ain't to be allowed to do as it likes, Bill. Not by no manner o' means. Oh, no.

It ain't no good atalking, Bill. I ain't got no £20 a week, same as these blokes

The N.S.W. Elections.

The A.S.P. Enters the Fight.

Every Comrade Wanted to Assist.

The A.S.P. has entered the political battle. This involves a further tax on the energies of comrades and sympathisers in and around Sydney. It will mean additional work for those comrades who have been deputed to be the Party's standard bearers, and who for years past have delivered the Party's message at innumerable propaganda meetings.

Some of these comrades have had to withstand, not only the bitter opposition of hostile parties, but also the persecution and imprisonment inflicted by Liberal and Labor Governments.

At the present time, our comrades in Brisbane are engaged in a life-and-death struggle to preserve the right of Free Speech, and twelve of their number have undergone, or are undergoing, terms of imprisonment, and there is no telling how soon our members may be attacked in Sydney, Melbourne, and other places.

This means that we have to fight as a body for our very existence. We must fight the parties who control the police in their own strongholds in the political field, and the occasion of a general election is a favourable opportunity to deliver a telling attack upon them.

In entering this fight, the Australasian Socialist Party is waging the historic class war, and is fulfilling its part in the historic mission of the working class—its own emancipation. A mere handful of that class, the members of the A.S.P., have never neglected their duty to their class, nor abandoned faith in its ultimate triumph. They have taken their place in the firing line and have fought with grim tenacity for a Co-operation Commonwealth, over which shall wave the red banner of International Socialism.

In the working class battles of the past, immense sacrifices have had to be made. Every advantage won, every step made, have been won and made possible by the sacrifices of the few who have been faithful and steadfast. In this fight for Socialism, the greatest that the workers have ever waged, further sacrifices will be necessary in time, and money and enthusiasm if we are to win, and the cause now calls upon all who stand for Socialism to take their share in the work and its responsibility.

The parties opposed to us have immense fighting funds at their disposal and stand for capitalism. We, on the other hand, have nothing but the justice of our cause, and the enthusiasm of its adherents to rely upon in the Stand for Socialism. What we need most is financial assistance in the coming fight, and we ask those who are with us for Socialism to render what assistance they can in solid cash. Money is the sinews of war in such a contest, and every bob sent in is a punch landed on the enemy.

Therefore, send in at once whatever you can spare in the shape of money. Send it to the Editor in Postal Notes, Money Orders, Notes, Gold, Silver, or Stamps. The fight is on. Let us make it worthy of the cause. Amount received 13s. 6d.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

In your opinion, which should have the most nourishing food? The man who toils at hard labour or the capitalist who does nothing but sit at his desk and take in money? The labourer, of course. But, as a matter of fact, who gets the nourishing food?

—Appeal to Reason.

If a small portion of the fighting spirit displayed by the workers in slaughtering the workers of another county in the devilish contraption called war was utilised in fighting the beast of Capitalism, the working class of the world would come into their own.

—Cotton's Weekly.

has, to fix this matter up: but I say as how, if they teach these 'ere boys—and men too—to mind their own business at home, but be ready to see that no other blokes didn't come along and interfere with us here, same as how they teach 'em readin' and writin' and sums, and without arsking 'em to do any kow-towing business to other blokes who mostly thinks they're godelmity in fancy clobber, or bind 'em down to go and do the interfering with other people's rows, or shoot their own mates: well, I guess the defence of this 'ere country would be just as solid as it could be.

And I reckon that if each shire had to get together, Bill, and every man as could, have to learn how to do the defending business, that the blokes who had to do it could be trusted to elect their own bosses by vote, same as they ought to elect the boss of the shop, Bill. And you bet, there'd be no danger of 'em turning out to do any shooting unless it was at some burgular, either domestic or foreign, Bill.

Just look as how the Boers, Bill (but Bill had let his pipe fall, and judging by the sounds which came from his corner, the subject interested him no more).

Calrus, 25/4/12.

F.C.N.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.

J. W. ROCHE,
General Secretary,
115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Administrative Council Meeting

All comrades are urged to assist in organising meetings, and collecting funds for the campaign.

BRISBANE.

A fortnight ago several of us spoke from a

GORDON BROWN,
Org. Secretary

MELBOURNE BRANCH A.S.P.

On Sunday, November 2nd, Mrs. Norbury lectures under our auspices, and on the following Sunday, Mrs. McDonald. Members attend, and invite your friends, and swell the attendance.

J. R. WILSON, Sec.

SYDNEY

The secretary will be at 115 Goulburn street, Tuesdays 7.15-8 p.m., Saturdays 1-3 p.m.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

NEWTOWN.

The usual week-end meetings were held at the Bridge on Saturday and Sunday nights, Oct. 18th and 19th. Both meetings were well attended and literature sold well. Papers sold out.

W. PAGE, Secretary

BALMAIN

The election campaign will be opened on Friday evening, Oct. 31 at Rowntree-street, Balmain. Comrades are asked to roll up.

BROKEN HILL.

The workers of the Barrier are being awakened up to the true nature of the great Labor Party in which they have placed their trust. Not long ago we had Mr. J. H. Cann, Treasurer, telling us, from the platform of the Burke Ward Hall, that he approved of Mr. McGowen's immortal manifesto, calling on the people of Sydney to secede from the striking gas-workers; now we have a batch of close on 300 summonses issued in connection with the recent shop assistants' strike. The secretary of the Barrier Labor Federation (Mr. W. F. Rowe) has received three; one directed to himself and one to the B.L.F. on a charge of aiding in a strike and one to him as printer of the Labor paper ("Daily Truth") charging him with disobeying a injunction. This charming administration of the law by the Hard Labor party is stirring the slaves up more than a hundred soap-box orations from "red-raggers" could. The "Daily Truth" raises a pitiful and puerile wail about "Beebey's law," and endeavours to throw the whole blame on a man who had the good sense to leave a sinking ship—as if Beeby were the one man in Parliament responsible for the Industrial Disputes Act. Of this much we may be sure that if Mr. Rowe were in Parliament he would be just as vindictive in enforcing the law against other unfortunate as the employers are in enforcing it now. The situation is of the unionists' own making, and recalls the famous answer of Queensland's Liberal Premier Denham, when asked why he did not intervene during the tramway strike. "The position," said Denham, "was of the unionists' own making. They had created the situation, and they could fry in their own juice." Maybe the

DARLING HARBOUR

LEICHHARDT-ANNANDALE

Comrades Kilburn, Page, and Young held a very successful meeting on Sat. night. At the close of the address Kilburn dealt with a number of questions and made a splendid impression. Literature sold well.

JONAH AND THE WHALE

Mr. Heathcote delivered an interesting and instructive address on "Jonah and the Whale" at the Protestant Hall, Sydney, on October 21. The lecturer showed that the Book of Jonah was a keen satire on the religious leaders of the time, and it was so true to life that even down to our day it was not inapplicable to those who have come to be known as "wowers." The lecture was well received and evoked hearty applause. On Friday evening, October 24, a Rationalist rally was held by an enthusiastic audience. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. McNaught, Child, Miles, and Heathcote, and a number of questions dealt with.

PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND

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 at Club Social, 13s. 1d. £70 7s. 3d.

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vited to attend.

O. BLANC, Secretary.

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